

Hawksley Workman

"Future Language Of Slaves"

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Come, come over here
Whisper into my ear
Don't, don't waste your breath
On anyone else, but me
You're warm, your body in bed
Let us wake up, and talk a while
And I, I tell you I'm scared
I tell you I fight, for us both
But, you come from the town
Where Ghandi was born
You say, I always talk tough, when I get drunk
So why don't we pray, whispering the

Future language of slaves (x3)

But I, I should rejoice
Maybe give voice, to a son
For what brought me here to your arms
Into your painfully true love
Yeah, and God may be close
God only knows ready to say
And what, what would we do
In our last moment's intirity
Would, would we make love?
Or make haste to a mobile phone?
Or, or would we break bread?
Drink the blood that is shed?
And pray to our God, whispering the

Future language of slaves (x3)

Whipsering the
Future language of Slaves (x3)

Whipsering the...
Slaves (x2)

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